

Broken People sex ed edition guys only
 ~OR~
But girls can peek...I know you 'ol nosy women will do so.

Grab your goodies hold on hit Afterburner and lets go.....

Society fails today's broken young people – **especially girls.**

They were never prepared for life while living in a fantasy bubble of mass media, talking heads, social media, cartoons, and peers of other kids raising kids as latchkey orphans without parental guidance. Why is that? Her single mother is away the entire time playing liberated woman 'finding her' instead of being a mother and role model. These kids now grow up alienated from both parents. They are resentful, angry, frustrated lost and confused at mom same as at dad who at one time took it all on the chin as an absent father working self into an early grave supporting his family giving it the American dream. One has to be dreaming or dead to believe it.

TV sitcoms and such convinced young women or teenage girls that they do not need a man as husband or father to raise their children. That he was a bad influence blocking her from all of those sweet bonding moments between she and her kids like on TV sitcoms and movies. So to have the better life, she employed Divorce Inc. to rid her of that ball and chain except for monthly payments filling in for his absence. So she becomes a **Murphy Brown** mom or a **One Day at a Time** mom only to find fantasy up against real life is a real bitch slapping all around. In real life one has to work for female tyrants at fucked up jobs. Where is my '9 to 5' fantasy and you go girl bonding moments smoking dope, drinking wine at the sob sister club dissing men as blame for all her problems like she watched in the movie '9 to 5' and other propaganda like it? Real life has real bills to pay leaving no mad money to spend just because. Real life has serious real problems and much more than a cutesy one liner on TV washes away like the commercial for Mr. Clean does ring around the toilet bowl. However in real life that requires effort and some serious elbow grease to do. Ditto for the rest that requires more time and attention than any one single person can manage alone!

I don't care what those superwomen on the TV tell you. You know the advert where superwoman coming home from work dressed in a business suit claiming to run a major corporation — tosses a briefcase through the open front door while performing a strip tease boogie behind it singing that she earns the bread, buys the bacon, brings it home, fries it up in a pan, and feeds it to her man and..... Young impressionable women watch and believe that socialist propaganda without reading the fine print: *kiddies do not*

try this at home. You will be sorry no buyers remorse out of this one. Where is Ms. Whoopee Cushion's disclaimer when we need her? It is all bullshit. She finds her FUBAR with kids scampering around her feet at age 25 while now feeling like she is going on 70. She has to open the front door to let her ass drag in 30 minutes after getting home. Tired is an understatement and now she faces KIDS after working all day for dragonzilla the bitch at a working poor dead end job that was all she could get after benefits expired. Never is there enough money to go around even with her husbands payments. He is a decent guy sending extra money to help with unexpected expenses for the kids. Like when dipshit Johnny destroyed \$2000.00 of braces eating peanut brittle on a Halloween dare. Dad worked weeks of extra overtime to pay for that. Why don't we ever hear about guys like that from the deadbeat dad feminist peanut gallery?

Desperately supermom tests what she heard on TV to save her: **Culliganman!** **Come take me away.** No show. She blames him as next man and bastard for all her problems - per textbook feminism. Hey superwoman! Meet your kryptonite known as reality! It takes two to tango, fight, fuck, make, and raise kids; it takes two in successfully raising a healthy, hale, and well-adjusted family. I do not care what women's studies at college taught you. Those clowns are idiots or would not be hiding in university escaping real life while robbing you like mercenary whores through student loans to support them. Feel the bite? That is the alligator of ignorance chomping on what is left of your shrinking ass.

Feels like the devil biting your ass after you bought Devil-U's Faustian Contract signed in your blood enslaving you to a lifetime of debt buying school loans to pay those idiots who sold you that Pig in a Poke. If you would've gone the tried and true, old fashioned way of earning an education by working through college on nights and weekends, instead of sorority parties and such bought on student loan revolving credit, you would have some skin in your investment and have learned that nothing in life is free; among other valuable life lessons, that those idiot professors could not teach you. Only real life teaches life's lessons and wisdom. The only way to learn is rolling with the hard knocks that it delivers. Life is a true and perfect teacher. If anything is free and for nothing you do not want it! Free is not worth having...it will have you in the end as the most expensive free imaginable.

The sexual flour dough boy or girl. I read of a high school teacher that went against the status quo in teaching kids about child raising burdens in this way. He included both boys and girls. This guy was a true teacher. Student assignment all semester each student was to haul around a 5-pound sack of flour dressed and treating it as one would a baby. He supplied the flour to each student. To pass this class that all of you need to graduate, you will treat this baby like a baby. If I find your baby in your locker, under your chair or not with you, students you will repeat this class next semester. He even went so far as to visit student homes to check on their babies; with parental approval of course; most of the parents were 100% with him as willing accomplices who watched while the cat was away to make sure their kids minded their bag babies with

care. No we will not watch your baby while you go to the Mall with your friends. Black mail, yes! The teen pregnancy was so bad in that school district he as a lone teacher decided to tackle the problem. He encountered complaints but had a plan for that too. By the end of that semester the teen pregnancy problem dropped a little. By next fall it dropped a lot! Our hero made his point.

Shakespeare said, “let the cats meow, for every dog has its day.” He taught to both sexes consequences for unplanned parenthood. The guys learned to keep his dog tucked away in the doghouse and girls learned to keep their pussycats indoors too. This one teacher through operant conditioning of cause effect consequences gave authorities a means to teach teens that humping has consequences and brought teen pregnancy in that district nearly to a halt. That is an unsung hero.

I only met one teacher like that. My 9th grade Jr High School gym coach. First day of the semester he told all 9th grade boys to assemble in the locker room without dressing out. He had a table in front of the locker room benches with various training aids on it. Now we were a bunch of rowdy boys playing grab ass and cutting up when he walked into the room. He said only two words that silenced us into a church choir: **snapping pussies**. He followed that with the statement that all babies are born with a pussy hunting pecker but doctors break them off the dumb ones. After he said that, so quiet was it in that locker room you could have heard a pin drop in it from China.

Once initial shock wore off whispers all around did coach say ‘pussies?’ It is amazing how a boys mind reduces things to a single word – pussy. Yep and he said a lot more. He had the complete, rapt attention of every boy in that locker room for the next hour. We hung on every word. We never heard anything like that! Novel understates his lesson. Coach commenced to tell us about sex, the safest sex is jacking off, hazards of snapping pussies and the baby factories attached to them, and what those baby factories will do to purposely get pregnant then trap a boy into marriage, and that babies and their mothers are a life of slavery paying for them...et al. On the table were training aids rubbers, spermicidal creams, an empty box of birth control pills mainly so that we could identify them apart from aspirins that girls used to convince us they are on the pill, and told us never let a girl get near your rubber, never accept one from her, never trust that she is taking the pill to always use a rubber and cream anyway, then described all the reasons for those gospel rules. Ignore them at risk if you wish to be a married teen father taking care of a girl and baby forever. He made his point.

Then he said that ‘boys who jack off have hairy palms and mentioned that if any boy need tutoring about jacking off raise your hand’...no takers just a lot of red faces looking at our palms. Oh, god! How did he find out?

VD was a second consideration to the first STB meaning sexually transmitted babies!!! STD’s then could be cured with a shot; babies could not. Then he had a jock come up to demonstrate assembly instructions for a condom on his pussy-hunting-pecker

as coach called them. The jock knew that if he did not follow coach's instructions he'd sit all the games out this season on the penalty bench. It was obvious that when a baby Jock's parents could not afford to buy him toys so he played with what was handy. He was hung like a horse. One of the guys teased him about that. 'I will get you,' said jock. When we heard the wet towel pop after class all knew it was Jock paying back his annoyer. Jocks largeness made it easier for those of us on the backbenches to see what was going on. Coach's golden rule was never leave home without a rubber. Put it on before you get near a snapping pussy and the girl onto which it is attached. As we filed past him on our way out of class, he handed each boy a rubber with instructions to go home and test fit it. Then go to the store and buy a box of them, and always keep one with you.

Coach was SERIOUS about curbing teen pregnancy. Teen pregnancy was a very severe problem in our district. It was not uncommon to watch a 9th grade Jr high school girl at midterm to suddenly pop out then disappear for a few months then come back slim after downloading baby. That screwed up her semester. As the teacher before who single handedly tackled the student teen pregnancy with a bag of flour in the classroom, coach tackled it hard-core in the boys locker room.

All good things end. He did this every new class of 9th grade boys and had been doing so for years. In our class we had this kid named Beasley, a pussy, mommy's boy. He went home, complained about coach, and showed his mommy the condom. She was on the School Board. Two weeks later we had a new coach; the other one was gone. The school district fired him. There are no secrets in Jr. High. We found the bastard and Beasley was his name. Beasley's life rest of semester was a veritable hell. His ass was so red from wet popping towels he could not sit down. We told him under no uncertain terms should he tell mommy, you are dog food. You cannot hide anywhere in this school where we cannot find you Beasley. Schoolboys can be monsters and we made sure at every opportunity that Beasley knew it.

I learned about sex from a library book titled Everything you ever wanted to know about sex written by Woody Allen. It was really helpful. Trying all that out was easy with all the high-school coeds eager and willing. Can you give me a ride home sweetly she said? It was a long ride home in the back seat of a car and Woody and coach were there as guides. I tell ya.

Coach was a real hero.

I owe a great debt of gratitude to coach as did every boy he ever got through to about taming those raging hormones the puberty witch cursed us in releasing. This goes out to all those

young and willing snapping pussies I never knocked up, with love from coach.

Chris Rock the comedian wrote a book titled *Mama Rocks 10 rules*. While his stage humor is not to my taste, every kid should read this book in high school to graduate. So should every potential parent before the stork visits with baby and dirty diapers, and keep it as a training manual and bible to raise kids. When in a parenting pinch, ask what would Mama Rock do? Mama Rock was the neighborhood magnet-mother to latchkey and orphan kids where Chris lived, which was most all of them. She was strict and tough as a marine gunny Sgt. She had rules that if broken was bad news. Zero tolerance! No drugs, drinking, humping, guns, knives, fighting, etc. Behave or else and she could duke it out with the best of them.

Kids need role models, firm guidance and direction. They crave and demand it; I don't care how much they scream otherwise. I will get to that later. Chris' house at any given time was neighborhood kid central and full of them. Why? Mama Rock. She was a mother to them; for some she was the first and only mother they ever knew!! She was strict on them as she was hers and they loved it!!! She fed them, made them do homework, sent them off to school, they helped around the house, bathed, washed everything including behind your ears that is growing a potato patch and she inspected that they did. She was a mother to them. Kids came to her with their problems; **she knew that kids had problems they were not a problem!** She answered tough questions about sex, pregnancy, the three-hole district that confuses young girls, she took them to planned parenthood to avoid taking one to the abortion clinic, taught feminine hygiene – she was a mother. Mama dealt with all the hard stuff most parents run away from when raising their kids. Bad parenting is the reason kids learn so much harmful advice from peers and other kids, in the locker room, bathrooms or in a car back seat having unprotected sex.

Mama Rock was epitome and Archetype of true, perfect American motherhood! Ie. When her daughters told her they were going to the Mall, okay. Mama would give them enough time to get there then make a SURPRISE visit to ensure that they followed the breadcrumb trail to the Mall. She knew about those snapping-pussies and STB's, too. The first time doing that she met melodramatic howls of you don't trust me....et al. Mama Rock did not back down she squared off in the ring as a prizefighter and sternly ended dramatics with this, ***I am your mother, not your friend, I will do and say what a mother does...get that straight now, get over it, now.*** What a woman!! What Mama Rock did was teach her kids how to treat and respect her, and self respect. We train people how to treat or mistreat us. She commanded respect and trust, but like the old saying, ***trust in god but tie up your horse anyway...*** **she trusted her kids but checked on them anyhow; that is a parent's job.** All of them knew never to lie or disrespect her...she demanded that while sending the message that **she cared and loved them.** Everyone of

Mama Rocks kids knew that she loved and cared for him or her through her **ACTIONS** words only reinforced her actions.

When my daughter was about 12, one night at the family dinner table – SHOCK-an American family that ate dinner together at a common table not in front of a TV. She was very quiet, and not her usual chatterbox self. Her mother asked why. ‘Well, hhhmm, umm, today ‘me and my girlfriends’ [not my girlfriends and I] were having a talk,’ which means a bitch-shit session in the school’s ain’t it awful club complaining about their horrible lives. Understand that she was the only kid of that group who had both parents living in the same house with their kid. Her friends never had family dinners or anything except arguments. We knew that when she brought a friend home for dinner and an overnighiter. It was very sad, when softly saying to her friend eating dinner to slow down honey, there is plenty more and if not I will make more just for you, so slow down. This child never had a home cooked meal, and she was pounding down her food like a starving bear. There is far more in how these fatherless little girls expressed her hunger for a missing father from her life and home. Truly sad, very, very, very sad! So don’t tell me that fathers are not important to his daughters! Can you hear me Murphy Brown and One Day at a Time mothers?

Said daughter went on, “ me and my friends were griping about you and mom and how awful you mistreated me by grounding me because I got into trouble. When we finished one of my friends who remained silent during our talk said, **‘I wish my parents grounded me. They don’t even know I am alive, and when they do notice it is very bad.’** The dinner table is now very still and so quiet one could hear a gnat fart. **That took guts for her to say.** All I could think of in reply was to ask, ‘what do you think about that?’ She said, ‘it means that you and mom are not being mean to me; that both of you love and care about me, and what happens to me.’ **That took even more guts to say and while eating humble pie never killed anyone never is it an unwholesome diet. It simply feels gummy for a while.**

From the mouth of a babe came this revelation to all parents that Mama Rock knows how to raise healthy, hale and well adjusted kids whether orphaned neighborhood latchkey kids or hers the same tried and true methods are just what every kid begs, craves and needs...I don’t care how much they bitch otherwise. I don’t care what stupid professors in women’s studies or socialist propaganda TV, mass media or whatever say, **kids need both parents that are not cowards in being parents and teaching them about life, death and sex.**

Parents are the orientation committee inculcating new borns into this hell upon arrival! You are not your kids friend; you are parents so act like it Goddammit! Talk to them about life and death, sex, babies, fucking, and birth control complete with demos and teaching aids if needed. Just like coach!!! Now days there is enough porno on the net a parent can use as teaching videos! I would not be surprised to find sex ed videos for

kids showing all the wet spots and what to do with them. Woody Allen was all I had half a century ago; imagination filled in the rest.

It is a nasty world out there where unplanned babies group in with worries of diseases that kill on first contact!! Don't get me started about all the kids that disappear never to be found again or are found as a grisly crime scene on talking head news! Trust them but check on your child anyway! Know what your kids are doing and with whom! Fuck Dr. Spock and twits like that. Find *Mama Rocks* by Chris Rock and read that for guidance faking it until you make it. The book is KISS- keeping it simple and straightforward to understand. Beats All you wanted to Know about sex but a lot has changed in half a century except snapping pussies and STB. Pregnancy is still going around and popular these days so are those pussy-hunting-peckers. Kids crave love and guidance through parental and adult actions and examples. Bitching is all part of the game that if played right is win/win and kids come out the true winners every time. If you can find the book *Mama Rocks* by Chris Rock it is worth the time to read. His masterpiece is a tribute to mom from every son and daughter. Goddamned Americans spend more time and resources on their pets than on their kids! The book is cheap and it supports Mama Rock and her kids kids.